

The World

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FROM WORKHOUSE TO FIFTH AVENUE.

As she came in her rags down the dirty steps of the prison a magician suddenly appeared before her and thrust into her hands a jar filled with diamonds and rubies and all manner of precious stones.

THAT is the way they used to tell it in the Arabian Nights.

To-day we read that a woman serving a term at Blackwell's Island is met as she comes out with the news that her husband is heir to millions.

What is the first part of the story?

The Nephew of the rich Caliph married a poor girl of the people against his uncle's will. The uncle stormed and ordered his slaves to throw the Nephew into the street, swearing by Allah that not one featherweight of his treasures should the Nephew inherit. And the Caliph set himself down to put the determination of his heart in writing. Then he thought "Why should I hurry to write it? I am not like to die."

Meanwhile the Nephew and his bride went forth into the marketplace and toiled for many years and were very unhappy. Until one day the wife was seized and thrown into prison.

Shortly afterward came a messenger to the Nephew saying, "Behold thy uncle the Caliph is of a sudden dead, and we can find no tablets. Come, take thy share of his treasure!"

And the Hawley fortune itself. Were not these millions gathered together through as bewildering a series of fortunes from office boy to financial magnate as ever served the owner of Aladdin's lamp? Once upon a time there were Genii and jars of pearls.

But railway presidents and trust companies brimming with securities are just as full of wonders.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNAL.

TEN DOLLARS a week income, three children to raise, and something to be saved for a rainy day. For twenty-six years this has been the daily problem of the wife of a Chicago lawyer. Her solution to date is: \$837 in the bank, three grown children through school and at work, and a home full of content.

Her story of how she did it is a lesson for those who groan and are ready to give up on far bigger pay.

"I came from Germany twenty-six years ago," this woman told a newspaper correspondent. "We have lived in this house all that time. Some people want to move every six months. They don't realize what it costs, and how their furniture is banged around. I have done all my own washing and sewing. Sometimes I have sewed for others. I have a few chickens. Nearly every day we get two eggs. We have the best meal at night. What we eat is wholesome and good."

After explaining that all her children are now self-supporting, she added: "The hard struggle is now over. I started three times to get money in the bank. Twice I had to take it out. But there is steady work now. Our troubles are gone. We are contented."

Doubtless like stories could be told in thousands of other American homes. But it is good to see one in print now and then, and while we gaze at the achievements of capital and finance, to give all honor to the humble, daily household victories of thrift, tidiness and self-denial.

LO, A MONOFOLIST.

WHO wouldn't like to pick out a genuine sealskin free at the source of supply?

Probably you may presently, provided you can prove yourself an "Indian, Aino, Aleut or other aborigine." Also you must get into a canoe, use only paddle, oars or sails, there mustn't be more than five of you in the boat, and you must leave your gun at home. Also the skin must be for your own use.

Such are the provisions of the bill Congressman Sulzer has introduced in Congress so that the United States may live up to the agreement made with Great Britain, Japan and Russia to protect the seals in the North Pacific.

If it turns out your aboriginal family tree is bogus, and you are only a plain United States citizen, you may be fined \$2,000 and put in jail for six months.

Good for the aborigine. We are glad he is likely to have a few special privileges and monopolies again. A long time ago he had all there were in this land. One by one we have taken them away from him, and not very gently at that. He deserves all he can get back. May the bill go through and may Madame Aborigine wear a different sealskin each day of the week.

MORE LIGHT—AND EGGS.

AN illuminating egg story turns up in the Bangor Commercial.

A Bangor butter and egg dealer being short of eggs the other day telephoned to the storage warehouse and asked if they could spare him some.

"Why, you have two carloads that have been here since last summer," came the reply. "Didn't you know it?"

The dealer explained feebly that he had been sick and many things had slipped his mind.

All the while he was figuring rapidly. Two carloads, 400 cases in each car, 30 dozen eggs in a case, 24,000 dozen eggs. Last summer they had cost him 18 cents a dozen. Add two cents for storage. Eggs now retail at 45 cents and more a dozen; 24,000 times 25 cents is \$6,000 profit!

The dealer is said to have been dazed.

He couldn't have been half as dazed as a public that reads and marvels that such things can be, and wonders when and where it has got to meet those eggs.

SHIPWRECK TO-DAY.

"Captain, is there much danger?"
"Not a particle. A moving picture outfit will soon be along and rescue us after they have taken a few films."
Chicago Journal.

MARY'S LAMB SOME MORE.

The little lamb that Mary had,
With fleece as white as snow,
Maybe 'twas bought in Wall street,
Where lambs are "bought" and "sold."
—Fred Judge.

Light in the East

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By M. de Zayas



The Week's Wash

By Martin Green.

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"OF a man who has been in prison on several years, this is a story that seems to be able to dig up a lot of influential friends," remarked the head of the laundry.

"Far be it from me," said the laundryman, "to burden my heart against the plaintiff of this person that he has been unjustly imprisoned in the laundry. But I fail to find myself, including the movement to set him free, whatever the underlying circumstances may be there is no getting around the fact that he was in the house of another in the dead of night armed with a club and a knife, and that he stole another's property and got away with it."

"It is also a matter of record that he eluded Mr. Schiff with the club. And but for the goodness of his arm he would definitely have ended in the hands of his former employer. And now the lawyers have brought up the point that he was not really a burglar."

"It appears that the law regarding burglary has become so convoluted that one born upon burglary must be possessed of unusual veneration and strength to accomplish his crime. It is necessary that he should force an entry into the premises to be burgled, and such entry must border upon brutality. He must force or splinter a door or a window and leave traces of his violence."

"Did you break in or was it?"

"I was early going, knowing no one and a door unlocked or a window open. I slipped in as a guest. If the law is to be applied according to the laws of some lawyers."

"So the courts will be called upon to decide what a man has to perform in the way of violence to properly be called a burglar. If we are to believe the law as some would interpret it, a householder, endeavoring to find a stranger with a dark lantern in his hand, must be discouraged before taking action."

"First, he must discover if the intruder has legally broken in. If his investigation shows that a door has not been pried off its hinges or a lock has not been broken the intruder must



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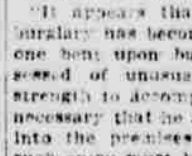
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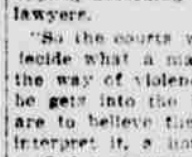
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A Plea for Ozone And for Mothers!

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By Sophie Irene Loeb.

"O VER 11,000 infants (under one year) are destroyed annually by infectious disease and improper feeding, both preventable."

It is the latest statement of a man whose life work is the conservation of the child.

He goes on to say that this matter of keeping the babies that are already here is very important than the continued cry against child suicide. All kinds of plans are offered for the problem of child conservation.

Mrs. Winifred Harper Cooper makes the startling assertion that the "United States Government protects American children better than American children."

Mrs. Cooper is adjusting and readjusting her stomach bill, providing a special diet entirely to child hygiene, so that it may meet with the approval of the majority and become a law.

Mrs. Alice Howard, advocate of the State conserving the child by paying mothers a fee for their maintenance, Mrs. La Follette points out the enormous advantage for children of getting away from apartments—out into the open.

Others advocate other measures, and so it goes on. All of these are splendid in themselves, but viewed in the light of the living present they are still ideals in the end and problems that will be solved in the FUTURE.

Everything comes to him who waits, but he must WORK while he waits. We may look for Utopia that will make of the present child an example of the highest civilization that the world has ever known.

But the big momentous thing is to do that which we can right here—NOW—without waiting. Things can be done for these martyred babies every minute by you and me and the individual with resources and means AT HAND.

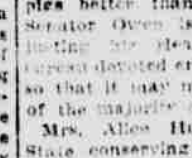
For the good are on high Olympus, but the Greeks are at our doors! The children cry NOW, not in the future. There are two things that if taken in large doses will alleviate much of the PRESENT distress.

They are FRESH AIR and REAL MOTHERS.

A medical man of prominence says: "I have been demonstrating that a man can live thirty days without food; he can live four or five days without water; but he could not live five minutes without air."

Therefore, while the importance of water and food and medicine are so generally recognized, the touchstone remedy of all life is pure OZONE and Life of It. It is a FREE product. All you have to do is take it.

It was only yesterday that we associated the Latin written prescriptions of all kinds and took them willy-nilly. To-day we want to know what they are for. We all have assumed a bit of Malaria



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man ancestry. We want to be shown. And one of the big things that we have been shown is that many, many diseases are now being cured by FRESH AIR and all that pertains to it. Infection comes from close quarters. And the close quarters will, in turn, keep the child from getting away from the larger areas of air.

For it is one thing NO MAN may have a mortgage on. We are all EQUAL partners in the air product.

And the other thing that can be done is to be in the spirit of REAL motherhood. While nature has made it that EVERY mother loves her child, she has not strictly reckoned with present-day civilization DEMANDS.

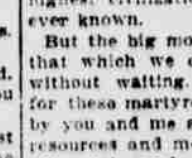
Very often, I am sorry to say, the attention that should go to the wee one is absorbed in the attention to economic interests, social pleasures and the like that have assumed the importance of so-called DUTIES. When, in all truth, the GREATEST duty a mother has is her child.

For a mother may have a thousand interests; but she is the ONLY mother of her child.

The spirit of motherhood enters into the makeup of the coming man and this influence is EVERLASTING. If you must satisfy the demands of the trend of the times, WAIT—by all you hold sacred—until the child has reached the age of DISCREETION.

Then he has a chance to do for himself and you may occasionally lay aside the reins. The real mother sacrifices all and sees to it that air in large doses is absorbed by the child; and if possible provides for much living in the open—TO-WARD the future.

The cry of the children is "Give me a fighting chance and I will make a chance for fighting. Give me oxygen to build brain and a real mother to influence brain and I will live to reflect credit on posterity."



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Gleaned from Everywhere

PATENT medicines yield over \$200,000 to the British exchequer per annum in duty.

Gas furnaces alone are now used at the royal mint for the melting down of precious metal.

Last year over six thousand tons of beer were disposed of in the London central markets.

In Hamburg the nature of the soil is such that no very tall buildings can be erected, and there are few that have as many as ten floors.

Buenos Aires has planted along its streets and over its parks no less than 12,000 shade trees within the last ten years, only for adornment.

Mrs. Henry Vaughn of Orange, N. J., dropped a \$500 pearl necklace from a train. Salvatore Stoppone, working on the track, picked up all but five of the pearls and his wife stuffed them into the pockets of her apron, pocket by pocket. "You can get the same thing as I did," she said, "and you can get it for less."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McDowell

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"C AN you come over a little while this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Jarr of Mrs. Rangle over the telephone.

"Is it anything particular?" asked Mrs. Rangle in turn. "You see, my dear, I'm making over some things for the children. I haven't a girl, and my laundry didn't show up, and I'm expecting to hear from her to let me know if she can come to-morrow or not. I don't dread what a laundry asks these days. Another dollar and a half and car fare, and you've got to send them out to get beer. I had a woman last week that only ironed twenty pieces for me, and I didn't know it until after I had paid her and she was gone. But I telephoned the agency I got her from and told them."

"Do you suppose they care?" the agencies, I mean?" Mrs. Jarr queried. "All they seem to be interested in is their fees. Fortunately the women on gets in by the day have to pay that—35 cents, I believe. So it isn't out of anybody's pocket but their own. What do you think is best, to only pay a laundry a dollar and a quarter a day and pay the agency the fee of 25 cents, or pay the woman a dollar and a half and let her pay the fee?"

"Oh, it must be nice, this Paradise. Where the ladies are 'not invited.' Where a man may roam, and never go home. 'Til dawn, should he be benighted."

Where the wine may flow, and the money go, And the spender care never a straw! For he hath no WIFE to mar his life— And he hath no MOTHER-IN-LAW.

But, tell me, pray, what the gentlemen may When the downward path they've gone, For it must be queer with no woman near To let their sins upon!

And it must be sad, when a man feels lost, And his dinner has kept him drunk, That he cannot tell his wife how well His MOTHER used to bake!

And it certainly is imperfect bliss When there's something he cannot find, And no one there to whom to sigh, To relieve his masculine mind!

Yes, it looks the heaven, this earthly hell, For Man is only human; And there's no joy without gloom— No Eden without a woman!

What is the difference between employer and employee? "One is flush all week and broke on pay-day. The other is flush on pay-day and broke all the week!"

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Mrs. Jarr Takes Expert Advice On How Not to Spend Her Money

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Mrs. Jarr, "so I must speak of her intelligence office as I find it."

"What I can't understand is why they are called 'intelligence' offices," said Mrs. Rangle. "The maids one gets from them."

"Mrs. Cadgett is going to charge laundresses and maids so much a day—15 cents, I think—for sitting in her office. You know there are so many of them who just go there to meet their friends out of place and gossip, and when a person does telephone in for a woman by the day, or a maid, and the manager or managers asks who wants to go some of the unemployed will say 'That woman? Not for me! She's too frisky!'"

"I told you you had something to tell me about Clara Mudridge-Smith," asked Mrs. Rangle, the telephone discussion over the serving maid and laundress problem having run itself down.

Mrs. Jarr had not mentioned Clara Mudridge-Smith's name at all. But this young married woman was a center of local interest on account of her having married a rich old man, and also because she did not seem to appreciate the fact; and her intimates were on the quiet expecting sensation in the way of separation or elopement, or some other "I told you so" event in connection with this sentimental young person.

Mrs. Jarr's only answer to Mrs. Rangle's ever-the-telephone questions regarding their interesting mutual friend were vague.

"You mustn't ask me such things over the telephone," she finally said. "You can come over, can't you?"

Mrs. Rangle might have suggested that, as Mrs. Jarr had something to tell and wasn't so busy, that SHE might come over to see her. But this isn't the way women play the game of gossip.

So Mrs. Rangle bustled around to Mrs. Jarr's all in good time.

"What is it, my dear?" she asked. "I really can't stay a minute, you know."

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "I am the last person in the world to speak about the affairs of others, but really—"

"What has that silly goose done now?" asked Mrs. Rangle, impatiently. "Don't tell me she has left her husband! You know she never did get over her infatuation for Jack Silver!"

"Do you know she's been going out to those dreadful, cabaret restaurant places, night after night!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Who with?" asked Mrs. Rangle.

"Oh, her husband," Mrs. Jarr answered. "But I suspect something, and I'm going to get Mr. Jarr to take me to the cabarets she goes to. You've been to them with Mr. Rangle. What has it cost?"

"We spent three dollars," said Mrs. Rangle. "But why don't you get Clara Mudridge-Smith to take you?" she's got lots of money."

"The very thing!" said Mrs. Jarr. "That's the cheapest way to go. If you

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"Mrs. Cadgett is going to charge laundresses and maids so much a day—15 cents, I think—for sitting in her office. You know there are so many of them who just go there to meet their friends out of place and gossip, and when a person does telephone in for a woman by the day, or a maid, and the manager or managers asks who wants to go some of the unemployed will say 'That woman? Not for me! She's too frisky!'"

"I told you you had something to tell me about Clara Mudridge-Smith," asked Mrs. Rangle, the telephone discussion over the serving maid and laundress problem having run itself down.

Mrs. Jarr had not mentioned Clara Mudridge-Smith's name at all. But this young married woman was a center of local interest on account of her having married a rich old man, and also because she did not seem to appreciate the fact; and her intimates were on the quiet expecting sensation in the way of separation or elopement, or some other "I told you so" event in connection with this sentimental young person.

Mrs. Jarr's only answer to Mrs. Rangle's ever-the-telephone questions regarding their interesting mutual friend were vague.

"You mustn't ask me such things over the telephone," she finally said. "You can come over, can't you?"

Mrs. Rangle might have suggested that, as Mrs. Jarr had something to tell and wasn't so busy, that SHE might come over to see her. But this isn't the way women play the game of gossip.

So Mrs. Rangle bustled around to Mrs. Jarr's all in good time.

"What is it, my dear?" she asked. "I really can't stay a minute, you know."

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "I am the last person in the world to speak about the affairs of others, but really—"

"What has that silly goose done now?" asked Mrs. Rangle, impatiently. "Don't tell me she has left her husband! You know she never did get over her infatuation for Jack Silver!"

"Do you know she's been going out to those dreadful, cabaret restaurant places, night after night!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"Who with?" asked Mrs. Rangle.

"Oh, her husband," Mrs. Jarr answered. "But I suspect something, and I'm going to get Mr. Jarr to take me to the cabarets she goes to. You've been to them with Mr. Rangle. What has it cost?"

"We spent three dollars," said Mrs. Rangle. "But why don't you get Clara Mudridge-Smith to take you?" she's got lots of money."

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